

# THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

(Established 1877.)

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,

INvariably in Advance.

Six months, 75 cents. No subscription for a less period received.

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

MONEY sent us, otherwise than by registered letter, postal money order, or draft, on New York, will be at the risk of the sender. AGENTS.—We employ no agents. THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is generally honest and faithful; but persons who contrive their subscriptions to them must be their own judges of their responsibility. The paper will be sent only on receipt of the subscription price.

ADDRESSES.—RENEWALS, ETC.—Addresses will be changed as often as desired, but each subscriber should in every case give the old as well as new address. In renewing subscribers should be careful to send us the label on the last paper received, and specify any corrections or changes they desire made in name or address.

CORRESPONDENCE.—Correspondence is solicited from every section in regard to Grand Army, Sons of Veterans, Pension, Military, Agricultural, Industrial and Household matters, and letters to the Editor will always receive prompt attention. We do not return communications unless they are accompanied by a request to that effect and the necessary postage, and under no circumstances guarantee their publication at any special date.

Address all communications to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

ENTERED AT THE WASHINGTON POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

# THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 21, 1892.

## FARMERS, ATTENTION!

### A SPLENDID PAPER VERY CHEAP.

The American Farmer from Now until End of 1892 for 25 Cents.

The American Farmer is the oldest agricultural paper in America, having been published in Baltimore since 1819.

Last Winter it passed into the hands of a new management, who have greatly enlarged and improved it. It is now a superb journal of 32 large pages, with a handsome cover, and is issued on the 1st and 15th of each month, and gives a larger amount of better reading matter for the money than any other agricultural paper in the country. All the leading agricultural writers contribute to it, and great amounts of money are constantly being expended to secure the best available information on all farming matters.

The American Farmer is thoroughly non-partisan in politics, but is a strong advocate of protection upon every farm product which comes into injurious competition with those of foreign countries. It is particularly earnest in its support of the tariff on wool, and the development of the sheep-raising industry of this country until our own farmers will supply every pound of wool and mutton that our people require. It devotes considerable space every issue to information in regard to sheep-raising and the discussion of matters of interest to stock-owners. Besides this it has departments devoted to Dairying, Poultry, Bee-keeping, Horses, Swine, Grain-growing, Stock and all branches of farming.

One of its peculiarly valuable features is that it publishes in every issue the latest-issued maps of the United States, giving the temperature and rainfall all over the country for the previous two weeks. This information is of the utmost importance to every farmer in judging the probable course of the market. It is precisely the information that the grain speculators have been securing at great expense, in order to shape their operations. By means of these maps the readers of The American Farmer are given just as reliable information as to the condition of the crops everywhere as the speculators and operators have, and thus are placed in exactly as good position to judge the course of the market.

In order to give all the farmers of the country an opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with the many merits of The American Farmer, the management has decided to make the extraordinary offer to send a journal for the remainder of 1892 to anyone sending them 25 cents. This is a great opportunity to get a vast amount of unusually good reading matter for an insignificant sum.

Address all communications to THE AMERICAN FARMER, 1729 NEW YORK AVENUE, Washington, D. C.

Sample copies free. Send for one.

### IF YOU ARE COMING.

If you think of coming to the National Encampment, send THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE a postal card, with your name, address, regiment, brigade, and corps.

Don't put off your orders for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE Portrait Cards a single day. It is only a few weeks now until the Encampment, and there will be a great rush for them as the time nears. First come, first served.

TALK about rich combines in this country! All told, there are but 97 manufacturers of tinplate in the whole of England, yet these men have drawn from this country over \$300,000,000 in the last 27 years. They have had all the canneries, all the builders, all the workmen and women of this country directly under their thumbs, and charged exactly what they wished for the material for cans, roofs, and household tinware. It has been one of the biggest and most exacting monopolies that our people have suffered from. The only relief is to make our own tinplate, which, thanks to the McKinley Bill, we are doing.

CONGRESS will probably adjourn the last of this week. The best that can be said of it is that it has done much less harm than was expected.

A MAJORITY of the Senators are in favor of the bill to transfer the Revenue Marine to the Navy Department, but it is doubtful if it will be allowed to pass in the face of the strong opposition which Senators Sherman, Cockrell, and others will make to it.

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### FALL IN, COMRADES.

The announcement of the Commander-in-Chief that there will only be room in the parade at the National Encampment for comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, marching with their Posts, raises the question, "Why are any old veterans of honorable records outside the G.A.R.?"

It is difficult to answer this question satisfactorily. The G.A.R. is so good a thing in every way and the privilege of belonging to it so great, that it is hard to understand why any man who is entitled to membership refrains from joining. There are hundreds of thousands of men who would be supremely happy to join if they could. There are myriads of men who would give a large portion of their possessions for the privilege of wearing the significant little bronze button in their lapels.

The value of that insignia grows rapidly with the passing years. Despite the sneers and slanders of the soldier-haters, the war gets bigger in its dimensions the further it recedes from us. We were once so close to it that we could not comprehend its gigantic proportions. We who took part in it did not begin to realize its immensity, or the greatness of the parts we were playing. With the ignorance and adaptability of youth we assumed that marching hundreds of miles into the enemy's country and fighting great battles every day, as we did, with appalling slaughter, was in some way the natural order of things, and we did it simply and quietly, as we would have done any other duty that had been presented to us as the right thing to do.

Now, as we get further away from the gigantic conflict, it appears in its true perspective, and we comprehend that never was there so great a war waged, or one in which there was such a display of desperate valor. The men who fought it through to victory stand the peers of any men who ever appeared on the field of battle. They need not bow their proud heads before the recital of deeds of valor of any men who ever drew a sword, for they can match, and more than match, the proudest feats in song and story. It is a grand thing to be associated in any way with those splendid deeds of arms. No matter how little share fortune or opportunity permitted a man to have in the glorious struggle, yet he has enough to be properly proud of. It is an enviable thing to have been a modest private soldier in the greatest war the world ever saw.

The Grand Army of the Republic is the living monument of that momentous conflict. It stands before the American people and the world as the embodiment of the spirit and the organization of the men who waged that valiant fight for the Nation's salvation. When men speak of the battles and sacrifices of those days they look at the Grand Army as the monuments of that which they speak. It is the living link which binds the present to the glorious past.

To have been a soldier and to be now outside of the Grand Army is wrong. It is a wrong to the individual more than to the Order, for he loses by it the benefits of the full companionship with men whose companionship is a high privilege. Nowhere can he find as true friends, as active and certain sympathy, as congenial associations as among the men who, like himself, wore the blue a quarter of a century ago, and devoted all that the world held for them to the preservation of the National life.

This year should show a great growth in the members of the Grand Army of the Republic. It should be a spontaneous growth, coming from an awakening in the minds of those who have remained outside the Order, of a perception that they have done so entirely too long, and that they should hasten to get once more in touch with those to whom they are so closely allied in sentiment, and by the bond of great experiences shared together and of mighty deeds in which they were co-workers.

Everyone who thinks of coming to the National Encampment, and who is not now a member of the Order, should lose no time in connecting himself with some Post. He will find this in every way more satisfactory. As a rule his old comrades are all in Posts, and have affiliations and abiding places that he will greatly miss. It will seem strange to them that he has ignored so good a thing, and refrained from a fraternization in which they have found so much pleasure.

WHAT an amount of nonsense Congressmen can talk on very slight provocation! Last week there came up before the House the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution providing for the election of Senators by the direct vote of the people. This was a very simple, straightforward matter that should have been settled with comparatively few words. The arguments in favor of the proposition are strong, and can be succinctly stated by any man of ordinary ability in a few minutes. When they are so stated there is nothing more to be said. But some score of gentlemen were anxious to show off their oratorical powers, and get rid of a lot of words which had been secreted in their systems ever since they took their seats. The result was hours of the most tiresome drivel, in which the old Romans were dragged from their graves and made to prance before the House, scraps of poetry were recited, and fragments of stump speeches were brought out and aired. The result was that the House was not allowed to reach action on the resolution, though Representative Chipman vainly struggled to have the previous question ordered and stop the flow of irrelevant talk. Many of the speakers felt that this was their last opportunity to say something before returning to the bosom of their constituents and appealing for the votes of the great American freemen, and they were going to speak or die.

### THE HOMESTEAD INVESTIGATION.

The moment the telegraph brought news of the bloodshed at Homestead, members of Congress almost fell over each other in their haste to move for a Congressional investigation. The investigators, headed by Oates, of Alabama, took the next train for Homestead, and summoned the mill-owners and the strikers before them. There was much evidence given, for both sides talked freely, but nothing of a sensational nature was revealed.

In the first place there was no revelation of "starvation wages," "sweating," unreasonable hours, or other abominations of the manufacturing systems of other lands. The pay-rolls of the Homestead mills were produced at the request of the committee, and showed that the pay of the rollers ran from \$250 to \$275 per month; heaters \$185 to \$190; heaters' helpers averaged \$130; trainmen, \$97 to \$120; lead shears, \$100; shears' helpers, \$95; gangers, \$75, and a variety of other men, averaging about \$75 per month. Hugh O'Donnell, the leader of the strikers, testified that he averaged \$144 a month, working eight hours a day. The new scale proposed a reduction of from 8 to 15 per cent.

The question whether the Carnegie Steel Company was justified in making this reduction was the real point at issue, and this is left unsettled. Mr. Frick, the Chairman of the company, claimed that the company was losing money at the present rates, but refused to give the figures as to the cost of producing steel billets. Whether he was right in withholding this information is open to argument. On the one hand such information is necessary to determine the truth of the assertion that the company cannot afford to pay the old scale of wages.

On the other hand, to make public such information would probably be seriously detrimental to the company business. It is the largest maker of steel billets in the country, producing about one-eleventh of the entire output of the United States. The competition in this branch is exceedingly sharp, and for the Carnegie Company to reveal the cost of its methods might give rivals very valuable information, and injuriously affect the markets.

Since the return of the Committee to Washington Chairman Oates has said, in an interview:

"As Mr. Frick had positively declined to disclose to the committee the cost per ton of producing steel billets at the Homestead mills, I cannot say whether the contention of the men that the company was making a great deal of money at the present prices was true or not. I am satisfied, however, that the allegation of the men that the company had purposely produced an overstock of steel billets in order to reduce the scale of wages of the workmen was untrue. I am inclined to the opinion that both parties to the difficulty are at fault. If Mr. Frick had been more patient and had taken pains to explain to the men the exact situation as to prices and profits, the trouble might have been averted. So, if the Amalgamated Union had been less contentious and had shown a disposition to do what was fair and just, the differences might have been amicably settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. I do not see, however, how the Government can take action in the matter. It is, in my opinion, within its jurisdiction."

The attempt to give the investigation a free-trade turn resulted unfortunately, the workmen witnesses all declaring their belief that protection was necessary to keep the work in this country and maintain wages.

The result in the investigation is the determination of the fact that the whole trouble rose out of a business dispute between the Carnegie Company and its workmen as to amount of wages that should be paid. As these wages were largely in excess of those paid in other branches of business requiring the same amount of skill and labor, and would be still much in excess after the contemplated reductions were made, there is no call for public sympathy with "oppressed workmen." The shameful violation of the public peace was as unnecessary and inexcusable as would be a battle in Kansas between farmers and warehousemen as to whether the price of wheat should be \$1 or \$1.25. The workmen had a perfect right to refuse to work for less wages than they had been getting; they had the right to organize among themselves against lower wages, and to endeavor by peaceable means to persuade others not to accept them, but their rights ended. Any sort of violence against those who wished to work for the wages offered was distinctly criminal, and those committing or offering it should be punished to the full extent of the law.

That the Pinkertons are men of bad character, and that the system of employing them is a vicious one, does not enter into the question at all. The mill-owners had the right to guard their property and protect their workmen. This cannot be denied. If they do this without infringing upon the laws, or upon the rights of others, their methods cannot be called in question. While some blame attaches to the mill-owners for the recent outrage, much the greater part seems to belong to the strikers, and this is the direction that public opinion will take.

THE President has approved the act establishing an intermediate grade of pensions between \$30 and \$72 per month.

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### WORKINGMEN IN THE NATIONAL GUARD.

Since the ordering of the Pennsylvania National Guard to Homestead there has been much foolish, demagogic talk about the wrongfulness of workingmen enlisting in the National Guard, where they become liable to be used against their fellow-workingmen. This is a mischievous nonsense. The National Guard cannot become the oppressor of any class of our people. It is the agent of the whole people, organized to carry out the will of the people by insuring obedience to the law. We must have obedience to the law under all circumstances.

If the laws are not obeyed and respected there is no protection for anybody. The National Guards are used strictly in accordance with the provisions of the law, for purposes that the laws have in view. If the laws are defective in any respect they should be amended, and this amendment is in the hands of the people themselves. For example, the workingmen of Homestead have precisely as much to say about the making of the laws of Pennsylvania as any other class of the citizens of that State. The code under which the State is governed is just as much their work as that of any other body of citizens, for they have been constantly a powerful political factor, and no wish of theirs would have been disregarded by the political parties which have eagerly sought their votes. They have always been represented by their own men in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and it is incredible that any oppressive feature of the laws shall have escaped their attention. If it has, the only way to do is to submit to it until the next meeting of the Legislature, and then have it amended.

The remedy is so simple and easy, and so completely in the reach of every citizen, and particularly of such a compactly organized mass of voters as the Amalgamated Workingmen, that it is criminal to talk of violent resistance to the operations of law.

The workingman who enlists in the National Guard can be no more of an oppressor of labor than the one who gets an appointment on the police force. Both take upon themselves the duty of enforcing obedience to the law, and of protecting all citizens in the enjoyment of their legal rights. It is an honorable, praiseworthy duty, which any man should be proud to perform.

THE ENCAMPMENT APPROPRIATION. The prolonged deadlock between the Senate and the House of Representatives over the appropriation to aid the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic has at last been broken by the passage of a bill appropriating \$90,000, all of which is to come from the funds of the District of Columbia. The Senate stood out strongly for an appropriation of \$100,000, one-half of which was to be taken from the District funds, and one-half be paid by the Government. The House was decided to give no more than \$75,000, all to be paid by the District taxpayers. After a series of stubborn "disagreements" the compromise above stated was reached.

The action of the House is a wretched injustice to the taxpayers of the District. It makes the largest property-holder in the District—the Government—shirk its share of a legitimate public burden, just as it shirks its proper proportion of many other public burdens, and makes the people of Washington pay dearly for the privilege of living under the paternal care of the Capital.

It is an insult to the veteran ex-volunteers of the country, who certainly had earned the right to some show of hospitality by the Government, when they gathered in the National Capital which they had defended so gallantly, and at enormous personal cost. In the most insolent way possible, the House of Representatives has declared that the Government shall do nothing whatever towards the entertainment of its ex-soldiers, but must ignore their presence in the Capital. Thirty-one years ago there was a frenzied appeal for the young men of the Nation to rally on the endangered seat of Government. Then millions of dollars were poured out of the Treasury to provide for their reception and maintenance. Never were more welcome guests than the stalwart young men who filled every road leading from the North to Washington. Then there could not be too many of them—\$100,000 from the Treasury for providing for them would have been thought a bagatelle not worthy of five minutes' consideration by the House—the appropriations were by tens of millions. Now, when they want to revisit the National City from which hundreds of thousands of their comrades went forth to die upon the battlefields in its immediate front, the churlish House not only refuses a dollar from the National Treasury, but tries to prevent the taxpayers of the District of Columbia from spending their own money to do what the Nation should do. It is a humiliating spectacle, and one for which every American has much reason to blush.

But despite the dog-in-the-manger House, the National Encampment will be a grand success. The veterans and their wives and children are coming by the hundred thousands to have a glorious time, and they are going to have it. The citizens of Washington will give them a magnificent welcome and entertainment. They have shown this by the generosity with which they have provided money. The subscriptions are now over \$40,000, and will be increased to \$50,000, probably \$60,000. This, with the \$90,000 taken from the District funds, will make a sum equal to the enormous demands upon it of such a monster gathering, and the 26th National Encampment will pass into history as the greatest and most enjoyable gathering of the old soldiers and sailors in the annals of the Nation.

### COLUMBIA SPEAKS TO GROVER.

BY JAMES CONDOX.

I called you, Grover Cleveland, When life was overcast By treachery and treason, To save me from the blast. Two million mainly voices Responded to my call; Your answer, Grover Cleveland, Was not among them all.

I called you, Grover Cleveland, When treason's ruffian host Had spat upon my banner And trailed it in the dust. Two million men were marshaled To fight the cruel wrong; Your answer, Grover Cleveland, Never glistened in the throng.

A few there were who faltered, Whose coward souls were those Who bowed submission, Gave courage to my foe; Amid this traitor number, Our rosters plainly tell, Found you, Grover Cleveland, Unmarked by shot or shell.

And now the flag is flying, Rejoiced by those whose fell Opposers who reeked not wound nor death, But fighting for it stood On land and sea. From east to west, From south to God's high heaven, No nobler lives than those that fell To Freedom's cause were given.

You'd take this halcyon banner From the hand of my brave knight, That cherished it in danger, And fought his fearless fight. I tell you, Grover Cleveland, Ten million tongues will say, "The flag you failed to hold, Won't honor you to-day."

'Tis true manipulation Once placed it in your hand; Your coward fingers clutched it And held it 'er the land; Fallst thou valor waved it, Did decency not land A blush, to wear a Nation's flag Your heart could we'er defend?

I tell you, Grover Cleveland, Is no prophetic tone, My people want a hero To bear my flag alone; A bold and trusted steersman, Of courage tried and true; Pray tell me, Grover Cleveland, Does the pencil picture you?

JULY 20, 1892.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE'S portrait cards are the biggest thing out. See advertisement in another column.

SENATOR WASHBURN is much afraid that the Anti-Option bill will be smothered in the haste for adjournment.

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TRIBUNETS. AN INDULGENT FATHER.

Old Ikestein—Arr-r-r-r! I had been robbed. Somebody has shrovered a half dollar mit a hole in it onto me.

Ikey (his son)—Gif it to me, Fadder.

Old Ikestein—I von't do it, Ikey. You're always beggin' for money. I'll gif you yer hole and shoddings more. Und be careful how you spend it volubly.

FROM THE HAVVILLY CLARION.

The editor of our esteemed contemporary, the Dinkville War Cry, was joined in the holy bonds of wedlock to Miss Lillie Chipper, of that town, last Tuesday afternoon, and thereby a pretty little romance was consummated. Upon each successive Friday morning for some six or eight weeks past, the wielder of the shears and Faber had found a succulent catfish reposing, all nicely cleaned, on a bed of cool cream in a little Indian basket, on his doorstep. There was no clew to the identity of the donor till last Friday morning, when the editor arose in the gray that heralded the coming of the golden chariot of the sun, and caught Miss Lillie in the act of placing the toothsome morsel, as aforesaid. The result was the solemn ceremony of the following Tuesday.

It was night. Three desperate men—the first wearing a lantern and a dark frock, the second clad in a brown of the same material and revolver, and the third dressed in clerical teeth and bearing a quivering sack in his right hand—crept around behind the barn.

The first held the lantern on high. The third opened the mouth of the sack sufficiently to allow the cat therein to alight on his head. The other thrust the muzzle of his weapon into the feline's ear.

He fired. The result was as follows, after the cat, dazed, had rushed into a hole under the haystack:

One man shot through the arm. One man shot through the lantern. One man with three fingers blown off. One cat badly injured, but otherwise uninjured.

One haystack burned to the ground. One barn burned to the ground. One wagon shed burned to the ground. We regret to add that one of those men was ourself.

ALL THERE WAS OF HIM.

Steele—Have you heard of the strange disappearance of Chollie Slimdickety?

Spemthorn—No. What has become of him?

Steele—No body knows. He spat five or six times, the wind blew his hat off, and he was seen no more.

LAMMED LAMB. Tourist (in Oklahoma hotel)—Where is that lamb I ordered half an hour ago?

Waiter (as a terrific thumping is heard in the kitchen)—It will be ready right away, sir. The cook is lambing it now.

TALKING POLITE BOSTONIAN. Farmer Wayback (to hired man)—So you are from Boston, hey? Wal, the first thing for you to do will be to go out an' chirpody for an hour or two.

Hired Man (just engaged)—Chirpody? What do you mean?

Farmer Wayback—Why, go an' cut the corn from the foot of the hill, of course.

### AIKALI IKE—HEARD YOU WAS AN ENGLISH DOCK?

Tourist—Yan, me denah fish, Hi ham. Aikali Ike—Can't you do nutthin' for it?

PERSONAL.

Gen. John Eaton, of Washington, ex-Commissioner of Education, delivered the oration at the dedication, July 13, of a Town Hall at Sutton, N. H., the gift of Gov. John S. Pillsbury, of Minnesota, to his native town. The oration was also a native of Sutton, where, on the old Eaton farm, he still spends the summers.

The body of Charles W. Higgin, the unfortunate marine who was killed by the mob in Chile during the latter part of last year, will be brought to the United States for final interment. The body was made at the earnest solicitation of the deceased's relatives. The Secretary of State is informed that United States Consul McCrary left Valparaiso on July 13 for New York via Panama, in charge of the body. The body of Turnbull, the other American sailor killed at the same time, is left buried at Valparaiso, because no application has been made for its transfer to the United States.

D. A. Armstrong, ex-Senator from Missouri, is very desirous of having Congress grant an appropriation large enough to erect a large bronze statue of Thomas Jefferson, overlooking the Mississippi from some point near St. Louis. He says: "But for Jefferson's genius, hardy Americanism, and masterstroke of statesmanship, all the vast and magnificent territory west of the great river might yet be in the possession of France and Spain, and the seat of unceasing turmoil and strife. Nothing has ever been done to honor the memory of Jefferson for extending the domain of the United States from ocean to ocean, and it is now time that some fitting recognition should be accorded him."

What better would embody this idea of grateful sentiment than for the Nation to erect a statue of the great and far-seeing statesman on the west bank of the Mississippi?

Congressman Hook, of Ohio, is one of the hardest-worked men at the Capital, because of his tremendous pension correspondence. His district includes the National Soldiers' Home, where 5,000 veterans are housed, and besides he has the lion's share of work to do for Ohio's 75,000 pensioners, the largest number of any State in the Union.

A story of the late Admiral Goldsborough is going the rounds of the press. It is introduced by remark to the effect that the officer in question made no pretensions to piety. During a cruise in the Mediterranean some years ago he authorized a young chaplain on board to have the sailors all lined up on deck Sunday for divine service. The first time that advantage was taken of this permission every officer except the Admiral was present, as well as the men. After waiting a few moments for the Admiral, who failed to appear, the Chaplain opened the service in a respectful manner: "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." As the voice rang in the opening words, the Admiral walked on deck, and though his face betokened a storm he took his seat in silence and so remained until the congregation had been dismissed. Then he rose, and, striding over to the Chaplain, said: "Young man, I want you to understand in future that the Lord is not in His holy temple until I, Admiral Goldsborough, am on deck."

Col. M. M. Price is the candidate of the People's Party for Lieutenant-Governor of South Dakota. The Colonel was in the late war and saw some hard service. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 13th Iowa, and was forced to resign on account of wounds received in the battle of Gettysburg. He is a son of ex-Congressman Hiram Price, of Iowa, now residing in Washington.

Ex-Representative George F. Barnes, of Georgia, who served in the rebel army, and who was once known as the fat man of the House, was in Washington recently. He only spent two days here, and the greater part of one of them was taken up by a visit to an old colored couple, who used to be slaves in Georgia. In giving his reason for visiting them he tells this pathetic story: "These old folks were slaves and ignorant. They had a boy when they laid great store by him. When he was grown he did jobs of work they hired him to a lawyer to clean up the law offices. Later he began to go messages and to carry the lawyer's brief-bag, and after a while the old ex-slaves thought they wanted him to be a lawyer. They put him through his law school. He graduated with promise of success in life, but died very soon afterwards, and the old folks have never gone back to Dixie. They are doing very well, but there is not much in it now that their boy's gone."

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